

my books, I enjoy a repose to which I have been long a stranger. My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner, I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle light to early bedtime, I read. My health is perfect; and my strength considerably re-enforced by the activity of the course I pursue. Perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age. I talk of plows and harrows, of seeding and harvesting, with my neighbors, and of politics, too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow citizens, and feel at length the blessing of being free to say and do what I please, without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village and have the use of my library and counsel and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man."

In contrast with this bright picture, the letter concludes with the first intimation given by Jefferson that his financial affairs were not in such a state as he could wish. "Instead of the unalloyed happiness of retiring unembarrassed and independent to the enjoyment of my estate, which is ample for my limited views, I have to pass such a length of time in a thralldom of mind never before known to me. Except for this, my happiness would have been perfect."

About this time Jefferson allowed himself to fall into apprehensions as to his health similar to those which he had entertained on his retirement from Washington's Cabinet. His natural brightness of disposition, however, prevented him from being plunged into anything like a valetudinarian gloom. He rather regarded the loss of health as something which was to come in the course of nature and which must be bravely faced. This acquiescent frame of mind is shown in a letter written to Dr. Rush in August, 1811. "I write to you from a place ninety